

# AGRICULTURAL PARK ADDITION—PLAT B

(Plat "A" is owned by a syndicate including officers of the Street Railway Company.)

ON NORTH TEMPLE STREET, NEAR THE WHITE BRIDGE, JOINING THE McKEAN TRACT, PLAT "A,"

Being within Four Blocks of the Electric Car Line, which will be extended to this Addition in a short time. North Temple is the Wide East and West Street now being extended due west as a BOULEVARD TO GREAT SALT LAKE.

PRICES FROM \$100 UP, ON AN ACREAGE BASIS. TERMS, \$25 CASH. BALANCE \$12.50 PER MONTH.

The first 120 lots will be sold at actual cost of land and improvements. The first 20 lots in each of the six blocks will be constituted a SERIES, for which a \$1,000 house will be built and given FREE to members of the series, to be disposed of as they may decide.

## SIX HOUSES TO BE GIVEN AWAY TO PURCHASERS.

### We Challenge Comparisons With Other Property.

Call and be convinced. My contracts concerning this property will be backed by Messrs. M. K. Parsons and E. B. Critchlow. We are selling a great many lots. Why? Because we are Slashing Prices!

## C. E. WANTLAND, 235 Main Street.

### DOINGS OF WOMEN.

Now For an Organized Revolt Against Angliomania.

MRS. CLEVELAND HEADING IT.

Uniforming Chaperones—Miss Shepard's Trousseau—Grace Greenwood on Small Economies—Other Bites of Interest.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1891.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—There is a little movement in New York which may well be watched for developments. Miss Jane Meade Welch, a bright, interesting and in every way scholarly woman from Buffalo, is about to begin a series of lectures on American history under distinguished patronage. The announcement seems simple, unburdened with consequences; but is at hand, and we are all going to hush encephalitis by attendance on classes of one description and another, or by a fervid devotion to fashionable philanthropies. But hear further: Miss Welch is the especial protégée of Mrs. Cleveland, who has brought her to the city, and who is giving her the most beautiful introduction her widely and loudly acknowledged strength of her influence to get her a hearing; who is making Miss Welch's cause, in fact, her very own. Does the point yet begin to sharpen itself into distinctness before your mental vision?

What would you say to the suggestion of an organized revolt against Angliomania and a determined revival of Americanism? Could anything be more popular, could any social excitement have a more powerful leader than the young and beautiful wife of the ex-President, and is there in the whole range of action any movement to which Mrs. Cleveland could possibly lend herself that would so magnificently increase her popularity?

This is what Lent is to bring us if Mrs. Cleveland carries the day: a breathing into virtue and vigorous life of our dormant interest in our own country; American history is to be studied, American songs to be sung, American fabrics to be worn, American furniture to be used, literally, but by no means figuratively. The English language is no longer to be spoken with a vile cockney accent, and American history is to be discussed among the most brilliant of our social circles. The time is ripe for just this, and the plans have been laid very quietly. They will be carried into effect with the utmost discretion, without anything suggestive of the blowing of trumpets or the marshaling of hosts to battle. No one shall feel only the mildest agitation, but supposing Mrs. Cleveland to be the gentle diplomat for whom she is taken, we shall wake presently to find her doing proper things to be patriotic and to be proud of our birthright in the land of liberty. Is not this a Lent worth looking forward to?

Mrs. Cleveland is as wise as she is fair to see. Considering the year of 1891, it is not fortunate for Mr. Cleveland that he has a wife upon whom dawn such inspirations.

WOMAN'S SKIRTS AND HER FIGURE.

Mrs. Jennie Miller and her collaborators who have been teaching us so contentedly grace of body and of gowns may as well remit their exertions, for now comes the latest and most learned physician to assure us on his word of honor that the possession of a perfect figure is well nigh, perhaps quite, impossible without a woman, nerved by the courage that is born of desperation, casts off skin and corset. No use to speak to him of unseen, divided, or promises. Prof. Checkley, to whose classes flock fashionable maid and matrons, and whose methods there is talk of the New York Academy of Medicine's endorsing, was telling me this morning that the unfettered influence of long draperies is something to which nobody has ever yet paid adequate attention.

You can't get, he says, a woman to turn out her toes. Women toe in or they set the feet straight, parallel with the direction in which they are walking. A woman who toes out properly, that is at an angle of sixty degrees, is many times rarer than a white crow. The habitual turning in of the toes cramps the pelvis and tends to knock the knees out of the joints. By skirt wearing, by the constant, gentle pressure of draperies against the limbs. All motion tends to take the direction of least resistance, and, without the constant intervention of the will the feet are influenced incessantly by the skirt's touch; they form the habit of turning away from it so planting themselves that it will not interfere with them, that is, toeing in. This is scientific, but as matters stand with us what can we do except—

Submit, submit!  
"The common sense, and mother wit  
Can find no better word than it;  
Submit, submit!"

DRESS AMONG THE WORKING GIRLS.

On the subject of dress, it is wonderful to note what a change the working girls' clubs have brought about in the toilets of their members. Such wise women as Miss Grace Dodge, Miss Clara Potter, and Mrs. Mary Storr, who have influence in them, have used this influence so wisely that a lady who was a guest at a little club reception the other evening was moved to ask of a bright girl with whom she was talking, "Would you think it discourteous if I were to say something very personal?"

"Not at all," was the smiling answer.

"Well, then, I have been thinking that I never in all my social experience saw such a well-dressed company of young women."

"Do you mean because we don't wear push and jet and such things?"

"Yes," she hesitatingly, "I did mean just that."

The slight figure drew itself up proudly.

"No self-respecting girl would put on tawdry ornaments, we think them vulgar."

How far this new spirit may go was ill-

lustrated recently when a little outing was arranged for a dozen club girls "laid off" from work. They were to meet at the Grand Central station and ride a few miles out of town to the residence of a lady who had sent for them to initiate them into the joys of tobogganing. At the appointed hour they were on hand in their quiet, tasteful dresses of dark wool, and with them was a working girl not a club member. This unfortunate outsider wore a pink cashmere frock, trimmed with velvet, and the club girls refused to fraternize with her because, as one of them put it, "if she thought such a loud dress as that was fit for a railroad train, she couldn't be nice to know." Poor foreign pink cashmere required the utmost efforts of her hostesses to keep her spirits from dropping to zero, for she was slumped all day.

A NOTABLE TROUSSEAU.

Still speaking of clothes, shall I take for granted any curiosity on your part, and is such curiosity to be considered pardonable or will it be a piece of vulgarly, pure and simple, if I gossip a bit about our richer neighbors? Among the daintiest things in the trousseau of Miss Shepard, the daughter of Colonel Elliott P. Shepard, and who became Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin on Thursday, were the fash. One which came, among many other gifts, from the bride's grandmother, Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, was a charming old-time fancy in delicately carved sandal-wood. Each stick was richly inlaid with gold, and the sticks were tied together at the bottom with a gold ribbon, crusted with small diamonds and emeralds. The mount was yellow old lace, worn in itself a small fortune. There were several in the trousseau, and the bride's mother, to which to cool the cheek, even of a daughter of the Vanderbilts, would approach the barbarous. The amount of lace used in the trousseau was something almost unprecedented. If the bride adds to her collection she can easily make it, before the lapse of very many years, one of the most notable in the country. But however she may take unto herself the dignities and adornments of matronhood she can never make herself look prettier than when at one of her little charitable entertainments, no long time ago she stood, a fair, slender girl with bluish grey eyes, wearing a blue silk frock trimmed with small pinkish flowers, with a ruffle of white muslin drawn up about her throat, her only ornament a necklace of small pearls with one huge, pear-shaped pearl hanging in front as a pendant.

UNIFORMING CHAPERONES.

It's very logical when you come to think of it, so many are warranted in assuming the dignities and responsibilities of chaperone only by a technicality; they are just as young as their charges, and a thought more girlish, but they happen to be older. It is well, therefore, that in a box or tray assemblage there should be some outward and visible sign whereby humanity, or so much of it as happens to be of the female sex, may know of a surety that such and such sweet buds and opening blossoms have complied with the formalities required by very considerable sections of the dowry world, and have fair and fascinating demure for their guardians. No regalia can ever be adopted for this, for there would be a strike of chaperones into the bargain. It is a whisper that they be put into liveries; nevertheless, the matter adjusts itself without agreement, without consultation; the subtle influence working insensibly, but making its effects manifest along the line of the eternal fitness of things. The Louis XV coat is what this psychic force brought into fashion. Half the chaperones wear it, and will you promise not to count it against me if I so far forget myself as to say it's very "well!" I saw two fine examples of it yesterday at the exhibition of George I. Seney's pictures. One was of a girl in dark green velvet with deep cuffs, lap pockets and waistcoat of green white satin, embroidered in gold. Its wearer had three pretty girls in tow, but a rival with a purple velvet coat and café-au-lait satin waistcoat had the floor.

BERNHARDT AGAIN.

Bernhardt on a muddy pavement steps like a cat, as if she were afraid of water. One never sees her arching her foot over a puddle or slipping out of her way to avoid a spot without reproaching her in one's mind for giving herself—and the rest of us—following women—over to snakes; her nature's pet was her first love, the feline. The snake she wears at her throat of the stage is almost as realistic as the little squirming we expect to see on Cleopatra's bosom. It is a long and flexible serpent of gold, with warty scales set with emeralds, and it winds itself twice, nearly three times, about her neck in three separate coils. At the head, with great blood-red rubies for eyes, lies against her throat peacefully, but its pointed tail is thrust viciously into the flesh, as if it carried a sting. With the snake she wears, when she receives favored callers, a long brown silk robe, with a cluster of brown and gold orchids at her bosom.

GRACE GREENWOOD ON SMALL ECONOMIES.

One rainy morning a few days ago, it happened to me to surprise Grace Greenwood sewing "do you," she asked, "use the needle?" Truth forced me to confess that I had little knowledge of its gentle mysteries. "You are fortunate," she said, "to know that you don't learn; if one does, it is a business woman it behooves her to know that she can't succeed if she fritters away her energies on too many economies. She must work in an office all day and then sit up half the night to make her own dresses; if a man earns only \$5 a week he doesn't try to save by stitching up the seams of his own coat or trousers. If he did he'd never earn any more than \$5. He puts his head into his business and schemes to make himself more valuable; then he buys coats and trousers with his increased salary. A woman saves at the spigot and breaks down. I've wasted half my life sewing, but"—with a reminiscence smile—"I was brought up to sew and I like it."

MRS. COLLIS.

Mrs. Septima Collis, the wife of General Collis, and the author of what General Sherman calls the most entertaining war book ever written, is a dark, bright-eyed, Spanish-looking woman, given to wearing black gauzy fabrics set off by clusters of orchids. At a dinner in Delmonico's ballroom the other evening, happening to look up at the musicians' gallery, there she espied her nine-year-old boy in his jaunty sailor suit, he having coaxed the deputy do-

mestic authorities to, fetch him to see his mamma in her evening radiance.

"FREE RUSSIA."

The men and women, more especially women, who have obtained 150,000 signatures to that very mild and respectful petition to the czar, will send it to Russia within a week or two. The movement against the exile system has awakened so much interest that *Free Russia*, now published in London, is to have a New York edition. The editor has not decided. Mr. Kennan does not wish the post, and the choice will fall very probably on a Russian woman, an exile, now living in Boston.

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LONDON FIRE PERILS.

A Portion of the Metropolis Inadequately Protected Against Fire.

When the bulletins of the afternoon papers contained the alarming, though rather vague, news of a big fire in London, a man asked me if I thought the entire city was likely to be consumed. It did not seem very probable to me that the immense collection of cities, towns and villages, covering perhaps 150 square miles, that is called London, would meet the fate of Chicago. The fact that the Thames river divides London roughly into two parts makes such a fiery doom for the whole metropolis well nigh impossible. But there are other reasons, of course, in plenty. The absence of frame houses and of flimsy structures of brick that are little better than wood in the face of a conflagration is a great obstacle to the spread of fire in London.

When the London of Charles II's time was burned in 1666, frame houses predominated, and the single bridge that spanned the Thames, London bridge, with its street of wooden houses, was a train to carry the fire to the south side of the river, although in those days Southwark was but little more than a village. It was singular how the Carpenters' company kept control of the building trade until the great fire set people to thinking about the inflammability of wood.

Even as late as 1650, ten years before the great fire, we find the Carpenters' company—which may be compared in its general influence and control of the trade to our trade unions—memorializing parliament to prohibit the use of stone and brick for buildings because, as they humorously put it, "the timber buildings are more commodious for this city than stone." But after the fire parliament made short work of frame buildings, and the act which was passed then forbidding the use of wood except for floors, windows, doors and shop fronts has been practically in existence ever since. The result has been that in spite of narrow streets and a notoriously inefficient fire service, London has escaped widespread fires; although the fire losses have been far heavier than they ought to be in a city of London's wealth and civilization.

A feature of a fire in Victoria street, which the American correspondent noted derisively, was the number of hand engines which still encumber the London fire brigade. I see by a report of the London fire department, published in 1887, that it owned then forty-five steam fire engines and seventy-eight six-inch manual fire engines and thirty-seven hand engines under six inch. There have been some improvements made in the department since Capt. Shaw, its chief, visited America in 1887, but the hand engines are still in the majority no doubt.

Pittsburgh has about twenty-two steam fire engines, or half as many as London, with, I suppose, less than a tenth of the area to protect. It is singular that the London fire insurance companies and the merchants do not force the authorities to remodel the fire service on the American plan. The only particular to which the Londoners can point with pride is the personnel of the brigade. They are a very fine set of men physically—picked men, invariably, from the English navy, it being the rule of the London department to recruit their force with sailors solely.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

JUVENILE WIT.

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"And now," continued the mistress, "what did Joseph give to his brothers before they started to go home?" Of course she expected the reply, "Provisions and changes of raiment." However, this was not the answer she received. "Yes, you may tell me," she said, pointing to one of the girls in front.

"Some good advice!" responded the pupil.

"What good do you mean?" inquired the puzzled lady.

"Why, madam," replied the girl, "Joseph, knowing that his brothers were not accustomed to the use of wagons, thoughtfully said to them, 'See that ye fall not out by the way!'"—Chambers' Year.

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### WOMEN OF FASHION.

How They Attire Themselves for an Afternoon at Home.

NOTHING AMERICAN IN DRESS.

It Must be French, German, or Anything but American—New Kind of Muff and Eos.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4, 1891.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—Nothing is American in the lists of fashion plates in either this country or Europe. The gowns are Greek, French or Egyptian. The favorite designs are Scotch plaids. Irish poplins are much worn for traveling and between seasons slippers are Turkish. Bonnets are French and the tiny toques so much admired are Spanish.

CELESTRA HOA AND MUFF.

England has long ruled in men's styles and until recently, Paris designs have been quoted for the women; but now the fashionable lady's wardrobe is a polyglot so far as nationalities are concerned. Turkish slippers, Spanish sandals, Russian coats, Greek draperies, German lace and Romanesque scarves are to be found doing duty almost daily in the toilet. And what is more confusing, many different types figure at one and the same time.

One not infrequently sees in a ball room an American beauty with her hair banded English style and twisted into a psychotic knot, a Cleopatra gown upon her slender form and French heeled slippers upon her feet.

Our dress has become like our nationality, somewhat mixed, and the result is so long as it has been planned carefully, is not displeasing.

For tea gowns, velvet has been entirely discarded. The New York firm, designing heavily in these goods, could show only one velvet dress in stock, and the order had been sent out that not another one should be made.

Cashmere and surah make favorite materials, as they drape easily and lend themselves gracefully to long lines and pretty, flowing curves. But most charming, in the material most desirable for house dresses, is an inexpensive, yet not sufficiently so to be common, and it has a neat beauty of its own that makes it a favorite. It is more effective when draped in full quantities, with folds of the goods overlapping and overlapping each other in full profusion.

Many of the chalice like gowns have fronts shirred at neck and waist and falling full in front, with a loose drapery caught across them. Velvet ribbons, made in bows and fastened at the side of the collar and of each side of the waist shirring. The back may be either fitted in or left to fall in flowing style to match the front.

Invisible fastenings are more than ever the style for securing the waists of gowns. Buttons are entirely out of date except when used in small and quiet forms underneath a lapel or inside a waistcoat.

For women with perfect bust and slender waist, there is a style of walking dress without seams, and shaped to the figure. It has a pelonaise front and fastens diagonally across the front and left shoulder to the right hip, where it is caught by a big buckle. A fancy braiding conceals the place of fastening. To make this waist seem even plainer and smoother by contrast, sleeves, greatly puffed at the top, are set in the smooth, wrinkleless shoulders. The skirt falls plain on the left side, but hangs in loose folds on the right.

In tea gowns there is a fashion for fastening a long court train to the back of the shoulders, permitting it to fall loosely from the gown which, in that case, is tight-fitting in the back. Many of the newest ones are made in this way. A large Watteau plait is fastened at the shoulders and sweeps in long lines behind the wearer as she walks. The underside of this plait is of satin or surah in a pretty contrasting shade.

In combining colors for house dresses, it should always be born in mind that these gowns will be seen more often by gas light than by sun light and, therefore, the colors should be such as will illumine well. Lavender, unless of an exceptionally pale shade, looks prettier and is more becoming if edged with black at neck and wrists. Grey is softer and more tender in hue combined with white, or with grey of a paler shade. Green is unbecoming to all but the fairest, clearest skinned blondes, yet it may be made a more easily managed color if combined with rose silk or satin.

Yellow, which is most trying, unless exactly suited to the wearer, is rendered better.

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coming and striking if trimmed with black velvet where the gown comes in juxtaposition with the skin. The Roman combinations of yellow, blue, violet, pink and green may be worn closely allied, if tastefully chosen and arranged. The elder bath robes are excellent examples of this. Combining all colors imaginable they are yet so delicately harmonized that the colors seem as a delicate rainbow, exquisite in tint and texture.

Since black has gone out of style for street dresses, it is difficult to find anything in the line of ready-made black gowns suitable for young women. Downy dresses can be found in stock and a few frocks for traveling tours, but even these are few and far to seek. A peculiar tint of yellow, that is not an orange, nor an ochre, nor yet an old gold is gaining in popularity. The tint is a little on the brown and has a reddish cast about it, if we may be pardoned for describing a single tint as being so variegated.

Many of the Scotch plaids combine this color with either red, yellow, or both. With this gown is worn a seal jacket and a black hat with nodding plumes and a big rose with green leaves. On warmer days the seal jacket is discarded for a rough cloth one with braided sleeves and a medical collar.

Whole capes with long pointed fronts and a medical collar are made out of ostrich tips. The tips are short and thick and are put on in close clusters so as to completely cover the foundation of the garment which is generally of heavy satin, thickly wadded. An ostrich tip gown with a satin ribbon bow accompanied the feather cap. This is exceedingly stylish and more durable than one would suppose. It cannot, however, be exposed to vicissitudes of weather, as a dash of rain or a flurry of snow damages it past repair, unless the long and expensive curling operation is performed.

Mme. Jane Hing is an unusual creature. A Parisian sensation by her superb dressing on the stage. In "Le Depute Leveaux," now being performed at Paris she wears a magnificent negligee bordered round the neck with a diaphanous filling in the quiltings. In another scene she wears a full dress dinner gown with very low pointed bodice cut down at front and back.

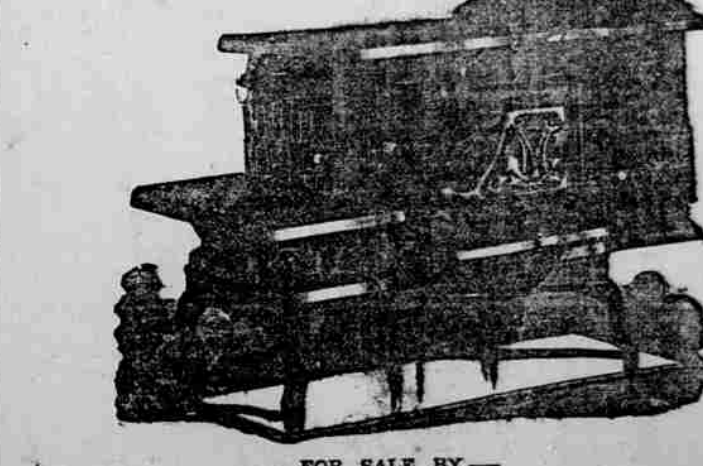
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